

One Less at Home.
One less at home!
The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed
place;
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by
grace,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore
Our farewell word is spoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed
more.

One more in heaven!
One less at home!

A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away our coming to await,

One more in heaven!

One less at home!

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought
would rise,
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our
eyes;

But the bright sunbeam darteth from the
skies—

One more in heaven!

One less at home!

This is no home, where cramped in earthly
mould,
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where' face to face we shall be
held,

Is home in heaven!

One less on earth!

Its pain, its sorrow, and its foil to share;

One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;

One more the crown of ransomed souls to
wear,

Is home in heaven!

One more in heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise;

Another link on high our souls to
raise

To home and heaven!

One more at home—

That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally

Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with thee

At home in heaven!

SLINKS, THE OUTCAST.

By T. P. MORGAN.

The "enforced emigration" of Slinks from Prairie City occurred because the citizens had grown tired of having him around. Slinks was a failure at everything but slinking. His walk, his raiment, his appearance and minimum of history, all conspired to his degradation, and had not only robbed him of respect and credit, but even of an abiding place. He had shunk into Prairie City, no person knew exactly where; but when he slunk out of it, every person who had arrived at the years of understanding was apprised of his going. Several of the more enterprising citizens—the self-appointed emigration committee—followed him.

In such cases, the undesirable man is usually given twenty-four hours in which to settle up his affairs and place the county line between himself and the unappreciative community. In the case of Slinks there were no affairs to settle.

The line was ten miles away, and as the committee had but little faith in Slinks as a pedestrian, a little procession of mounted men had left Prairie City with Slinks, round shoudered and discouraged, riding ahead. When the line was reached, the distance to Boomopolis was about a mile less than that to Prairie City, and the committee reasoned that Slinks would keep on, and thus save a mile's journeying.

"Wal, vere we air," said Long Jess Masters, as they reached the long jack-oak just beyond the county boundary. "Reckon you know the penalty, Slinks?"

"Reckon I do!"

Perhaps a previous experience had made him familiar with the unpleasing penalty bestowed upon a "runout" man found within the county confines after the expiration of his time of grace. When he had dismounted, Slinks strode slouchingly away.

"Wal, good by, Slinks," called Long Jess.

"Good by, boys!" the outcast returned without turning his face toward them.

He looked like a blot on the face of the fair prairie picture, bright with a profusion of wild flowers springing from the soft, undulating carpet of green. His hat dropped dejectedly, his boots were run over, and his garments seemed undecided whether to fall off or stay on. There was less color in his face than usual, and the ruddy scar on his cheek was more marked by the contrast.

For a little while the committee watched him, dragging his feet as if they were almost too heavy for him. Then, just as they turned to ride away, they saw him stoop as if plucking one of the bright prairie flowers. Only the blossoms heard him mutter: "Looks like the flowers that grew by the door of the kitchen at—"

He slouched away faster than before. There was more color in his face now, and the scar on his cheek showed less plainly.

"Flowers, and a runout man—pshaw!" he muttered, with more energy than he had displayed for weeks.

The committee watched him a little longer, but they were galloping toward Prairie City when he had turned and gazed after them with a look that was almost wistful.

None of the horsemen spoke for several minutes. Then Cal Senter, the self-elected wit of the settlement, remarked, with a prefatory "wal—"

"Good riddance to bad rubbish, as I told 'em when the blind dog was sold."

The committee scarcely grinned, and Long Jess Masters did not appear to hen. This inattention upon the part of the elongated citizen was all the more depressing to the humorist, because Jess was usually the first and loudest to laugh at his efforts.

"When a man's got to go, w'y he's got to," Jess said, presently. "An' when he gets so's he sets around till he mighty high grows fast, an' sneaks around till everybody's tired of 'seen' him, an' when his tobacco's all 'n' never buy, an' nothing pays no taxes, an' won't vote, an' never does our says—nuthin' to help the boom along, an' 'lows it's nuthin' to him whether the railroad comes here or goes to Boom-

opolis—w'y, when a man gets that fur gone, I reckon he's got to go, or—"

"Be buried," interrupted Cal.

"That's it," Jess went on. "Prairie City ain't got no use for that kind o' people. But, somehow—"

"What's that over that?" interrupted another committee man.

A covered wagon drawn by a pair of skinny horses, rounded the slope of a slight "rise" half a mile distant.

"Must come muddlin' fur by the way the team crawls," said Jess.

"What air they doin' out yere, away off from any road?"

Changing their course, the committee galloped towards the slow-moving vehicle. As they neared it they made a discovery. There seemed to be no driver, and the reins were drooping. The skinny team stopped as the horseman came up. Long Jess lifted one of the tattered curtains and looked into the wagon.

"Oh, have you found my boy?" a faint voice quavered, eagerly.

The other members of the committee peered into the wagon. A woman, with tangled white hair about her wrinkled face, that was wan and ghastly, turned her delirium-brightened eyes, full of a pitiful, unreasoning pleading, slowly from one to another of the bearded faces as they looked down upon her where she lay, on a bed of quilts, in the bottom of the wagon body.

"Have you found my boy yet?" she pitied, feebly, with eager beseeching.

"Oh, have you found him?"

"Hush! whispered Jess. We expect to find him soon, grammaw. He

isn't be fur off, he added soothingly.

"Oh, I am so glad!" the sick woman whispered. I was afraid that something had happened to him. But you will find him, won't you? she went on, anxiously.

"Well try, answered Jess.

She is close to dyin', I'm afraid, when the committee had withdrawn a short distance from the wagon for a consultation. Out of her head and dny!

But it's for the best, he muttered, as he turned away. It is a shame, but it is the best we can do.

Every face in the circle that gathered about the outcast was hard and stern. In a few pointed words, Long Jess told the story.

If she don't find her boy right soon, she never will. If she thinks for a few weeks she's found him, we reckon she may pull through to health an' be able to go on with her search. Slinks, you look nearest us any us like her son's picture. You look like him, an' if you don't act like him, we'll—wal, you understand?

Only Long Jess accompanied Slinks, the outcast, to the wagon.

Well, yer boy's come, grammaw, he said, and turned away.

It was evident that the deception was a success, for the committee heard the faint, glad cry of the old woman as the outcast bent over her.

"Paul! My boy! my boy!"

Then the committee turned their backs and walked away, out of hearing.

No one said anything for several moments. Presently Cal spoke gravely:

I never loved Slinks had no fellin's, but did you see his face?

I saw it, answered Long Jess.

Know him at first sight? questioned Jess. Might have changed a good deal.

The sick woman babbled on a little while of how she would know her boy—her Paul. Then she produced a battered tintype from beneath her pillow.

That is Paul, my boy! she said eagerly!

The others grasped the idea. Again the bearded faces looked into the wagon.

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